

AN EMPIRE WEDDING GOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mrs. George Armstrong Whiting, who was not so many days ago Miss Suzanne Butler, youngest daughter of the late Lewis L. Butler, prominently identified with St. Louis a decade ago, was married in the only Empire wedding gown that has been composed by a St. Louis modiste this season.

Mrs. Whiting's European residence of six years, with her original and artistic ideas on the subject of clothes, combined to make her trousseau a real marvel of loveliness. The Empire wedding gown was its chef d'oeuvre.

From her own design in every detail the Empire garment was constructed, white chiffon forming the major part. Of course, there was a foundation of soft, white tulle, not the stiff, ratty fabric which so often makes its presence heard before it is seen, but one of the new French weaves that lends itself to the foundation idea with great facility.

Immeasurable fluffy pleatings of the chiffon, about a foot deep, edged the trained skirt, falling about the feet with good effect. The Empire touch was the front panel of chiffon, which fell

straight from the top of the low corsage to the skirt hem, according to the prescribed Josephine method. This panel was festooned with that somewhat unusual flower these days, the old-fashioned white camellia, the blossoms being carefully fashioned by the artist from chiffon, each studded with seed pearls. The camellias liberally besprinkled the panel, twined together with chiffon tendrils and leaves. Sweeping away from the Empire front thus decorated, and extending well toward the train on both sides, was an old point d'Alencon shawl which belonged to the bride's mother and has already officiated at three weddings in the Butler family. This draped the hips and trailed outward on the train.

Natural camellias, grown especially for the occasion by an Eastern florist, were used as further adornment. One way blossom confined the soft folds of the tulle veil, nestling against the hair in a mesh of tulle. A spray of natural camellias also trimmed one side of the skirt with the foliage. The bridal bouquet, which completed this elaborate and original toilet was a large, old-fashioned round bouquet of



Mrs. Whiting's Wedding Gown, a Marvel of Unusual Loveliness.

McGaffey, the New Poet, St. Louis Born.

Ernest McGaffey, now of Chicago, though reared in St. Louis, is one of this period's

promising poets. He has the touch delicate in the making of his rhymes, and though there runs through his work a most somber philosophy, the results are, in the main, rather for a better view. Mr. McGaffey has just published a new volume,

containing some of the best things he has done. Four extracts follow, notable among which is the first, with its pessimistic tone in a beautiful setting, and the last, with its Horatian flavor:

A Message of the Town.

Look up to the story arches
Where art and mammon meet,
There's a sound where Traffic marches,
A call in the city street,
For a voice is ever ringing
"Ours is your lot and fate,
I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

Go forth with a noble bearing,
Give heed to the griefs of men,
And the years will find you turning
To that mocking voice again,
Which ever recurrent whispers
Like the chant of the restless sea,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

No time for the touch of gladness
Nor yet for the boon of tears,
We too in a cloud of madness
Whirl round by the whirling years;
And an echo lingers always
From which we are never free,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

The Rib.

A painter wrought him a noble dream, deep-
telling day and night,
The years rolled on and the canvas dimmed while
The radiant tint took flight,
And the painter sank in an unmarked grave,
And the world forgot him quite.

A sculptor chiseled a matchless form from out
of a mass of stone,
And it seemed as though the figure freed from
the hand of God had grown,
But an earthquake shattered its curves and lines
And the sculptor died unknown.

So a poet born, in sheer disdain, laid by the pen
And sought a woman who turned to him as the
needle to the pole,
And he clasped her hand, and held it fast, and
loved her body and soul.

For the slow insidious tooth of Time like the
water's edge devours,
And the thorns of pain rise thick among Ambrosia's
funeral flowers,
And a man and woman are all there is in this
crude world of ours.

The Night-Hawk in the City.

He flies along the dingy walls, his sharp-set
wings outspreading,
Through twilight folds of smoky mist and airy
pathway treading.

Around him rise the chimneys tall, smooth arch
and towering steeples,
Below him, ant-like in the streets go by the
crowds of people.

In penitence his raucous cry the upper silence
searches,
In flots beside the flag-staffs there, and o'er the
roofs of churches,
And here and there, a dusky sprite, he dodges,
curves and sails.

Kansas Beauty

A GROUP FROM LEAVENWORTH.



Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.
Leavenworth, Kas., March 9.—Many pretty girls call Leavenworth their home. Miss Genevieve Thomas is one of the city's charming and accomplished society girls. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Thomas. The beautiful Miss Grace McGonigle is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McGonigle. She made her debut this season, and it was one of the most brilliant social events in Leavenworth in years.

An entertainer whose presence is valued is Mrs. Samuel Holmes Wilson. Her beauty is of the blond type. She is prominent in society and literary circles. Mrs. Wilson

is the daughter of Captain P. G. Lowe, U. S. A., retired, and she is well known in army circles. Major Wilson Lowe, her brother, is commandant of cadets at the Western Military Academy, Upper Alton, Miss Leila Partridge is popular in the younger society set here. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and her charming manners have won many friends in her home as well as in Kansas City, which she frequently visits. Miss Lucinda, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. S. F. Neely, is one of the acknowledged belles of the city. Besides her social qualities, she is talented in a literary way, having contributed articles to various periodicals.

THE PITYING ONES.

Souls that have grown serene and strong,
Patient, and of love's kinship wide,
They have been mates with sorrow long,
These souls of purpose tried.
The loneliness of wistful night,
The heartache of the weary day,
The shadows, where they looked for light,
Have companioned their way.

They were the hopeful souls, and glad,
Fascinated, and filled with golden dreams,
Touched with the gift, all magic-mad,
That makes life what it seems;

Till their sweet youth had wandered on,
Laughing, with curled and careless lip,
And they awoke, to find joy gone,
And serve grief's apprenticeship.

And that so prodigal they spent
Their gladness in life's singing time,
Poor, shivering souls were they, and bent
With famine in their prime;
Their olden bliss, Oh, bitterer far
It made the pain that took its place,
Or suffering on each face.

Not in their fabric may you find
The weakness of vain cries;
Silent they pay what price they must,
Dumb, by disaster's prodigious eddies,
Till they arise from out the dust
With a great pity filled.

Pity for all who to the weight
Of life's grim cares must bend them low,
But most for those of darkest fate,
The gentler ones they know;
The loving ones, that count no cost,
The faithful, that but faith demand,
The truthful, whose poor way is lost
In a misleading land.

These, that are glad and childlike born,
Not armed to cope with hate and doubt,
So trustful that the rogue's rich scorn
Shall follow them about;
High souls, that yet are reckoned cheap,
And oftentimes drink life's foulest lees—
O pity, poignant, strong and deep,
The calmed ones feel for these!

And for their sake the song is heard
That cheers the way on which they wend,
The heartening cry, the manful word,
The hall that means a friend;
Comfort for all Aye, in God's grace,
But most to those dear ones addressed,
Who find the world a cruel place,
For them that love it best.

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

HE WAS MODEST.

A BRITISH peer, who, in the course of a long life, had experienced all the inconveniences to which a man of rank can aspire, was fond of going to the late Reverend Mr. Hawes's church in London. He used to take a seat in the gallery, with his old Duchess, and believed that he was, as he intended to be, unrecognized.

One Sunday, a too officious usher, on seeing the old nobleman take a back seat, hurried up to him, and said: "Come along, my lord, we're discovered!" and he immediately walked out with the Duchess, and never again showed his face inside Mr. Hawes's church.



RANSOM R. BROWN.

Parsons (Kaa) Lodge, No. 22, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, has as one of its members perhaps the oldest Elk in the United States. The gentleman is Ransom R. Brown, 22 years old, hale, hearty and deeply appreciative of the responsibilities that devolve upon every loyal Elk to contribute largely to the jollity of life. Mr. Brown is an enthusiastic member of Parsons Lodge and is always present when the roll is called. Parsons Lodge is a flourishing one. It was organized fifteen months ago with a membership of thirty-three, and now has the names of 125 of the best men of Parsons on its roll.



AFTER SHANNON, who will be the first to appear in this country as Marion Lescart, in a dramatization of the French novel of that name at the Century Theater this week.